



## NEW STOVE, TIN, AND HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

**THOMAS H. ROTHWELL'S  
NEW BUILDING,  
North Side of Main Street, 4 Buildings West  
of Town Hall.**

Middletown, Delaware.

Where he has constantly on hand, and is prepared to manufacture

**ALL KINDS OF TIN WARE,**

At Short Notice.

Particular attention paid to

**ROOFING AND SPOUTING.**

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to.

## STOVES.

**THE NATIONAL,**

**CONTINENTAL,**

**ORIENTAL,**

**CHARM,**

**GEM,**

**SUN,**

**LITTLE GIANT,**

**BRILLIANT,**

**Prize and the Victor Cook.**

Orders will be received and promptly filled for any kind of Stove that may be ordered.

**GALVANIZED RUSSIA AND SHEET IRON**

**ZINC,**

**COAL HODS, SEIVES,**

**POKERS, SHOVELS,**

**TEA KETTLES, BAKE PANS, WAFFLE IRONS**

**SAD IRONS, BRASS & ENAMELLED**

**PRESERVING KETTLES,**

**ENAMELLED SAUCE PANS,**

**TEA BELLS, JAPANNED CHAMBER BUCKETS,**

**SPITTOONS, WAITERS, LANTERNS,**

**FLOUR AND PEPPER BOXES,**

**SAND CUPS, MATCH SAFES (Cast Iron),**

**MOLASSES CUPS,**

**PEACH CANS,**

**(Soldered and Self-Sealing)**

**PATENT CLOTHES FRAMES, &c. &c. &c.**

Attention is respectfully called to our new

**FAMILY & RESTAURANT STOVE**

Which is especially adapted to stewing, frying, and broiling oysters.

No wood, no coal, no coal gas, no stove pipe, no ashes, no dirt, no wood boxes, no coal scuttles, no kindling wood but a friction match, and the fire in full blast in half a minute, oven hot in two minutes, steak broiled in seven minutes, bread baked in thirty minutes, the fire extinguished in a moment. It has no rival in all kinds of cooking, and in economy, convenience, neatness, safety and durability.

Please call and examine it in operation at

**Thomas H. Rothwell's Stove Store,**

**MIDDLETOWN, DEL.**

Sole owner of the stove for the State.

Prompt attention to business, moderate prices, competent workmen, and a determination to please, may be had by those who may favor him with their custom.

Aug. 28-y

## WILMINGTON

**Commission House.**

**J. L. HOUSTON,**

PROPRIETOR of the Wilmington Tea House, has also opened a COMMISSION HOUSE, adjoining, for the sale of

**Cereals, Fruits, all kinds of Berries,**

**Peaches, Apples, Pears,**

**NEW POTATOES, POULTRY, EGGS, GRAIN,**

And all the productions of our Farmers, Gardeners, and Nurseriesmen, and flatters himself that he can furnish a market for these nearer home and more advantageous than can be had in more distant cities, saving double freightage and two or three commissions to producers, traders and consumers, and a Reliable House, Quick Sales, and Sure Returns.

His House is said to be most eligible, ample accommodations, airy, and finely adapted to the sale of Home Productions, and the preservation of perishable fruits.

As the Peach World will be pressing, and the sale immense, it may be well that those who wish the services of this House should make previous engagements, as engagements will be many; and it is desired, so that they may be prepared for the market; and they will not sell the inferior productions without the good and the best.

Address **J. L. HOUSTON,**

Commission House,

428 Market st. cor. of 5th, Wilmington, Del.

June 19-y

## 150,000 PEACH TREES,

OF LEADING VARIETIES,

**FOR SALE CHEAP,**

**At the Cedar Lawn Nurseries,**

**SOMERSET COUNTY, MARYLAND.**

WE have made a specialty of raising Peach Trees, and feel sure of giving satisfaction. For prices and circulars apply by letter or otherwise to CHAS. B. LORE, Wilmington, Del. JOSEPH A. LORD, Odessa, Del. A. H. LORD, Upper Trappe, Wicomico county, Md.

But this out for reference, sept. 4-3m.

## Select Poetry.

From the London Farmer's Magazine.

### THE RIPENING CORN.

How sweet to walk through the wheatlands brown,  
When the teeming fannies of Heaven drops down;  
The waving crop with its bursting ears  
A sea of gold on the earth appears;  
No longer robed in dress of green,  
With tawny faces the fields are seen;  
A sigh more welcome and joyous far  
Than a hundred blood-won victories are.

Beautiful custom was that of old,  
When the Hebrew brought with a joy untold,  
The earliest ears of the ripening corn,  
And laid them down by the altar's horn;  
When the priesthood waved them before the Lord,  
While the Giver of Harvests all hearts adored;  
What gifts more suited could man impart  
To express the flow of his grateful heart?

A crowd awaits 'neath the cottage eaves,  
To cut the corn and bind the sheaves;  
At length is heard the expected sound—  
Put in the sickle, the corn is browned;  
And the reapers go forth with as blithe a soul  
As those who joined the Olympian goal;  
As well as the ripened that time can bring;  
To swell the shouts of the harvest home.

And there is a Reaper on earth well known,  
Whose deeds are traced on the burial-stone;  
He carries a sickle more deadly and keen  
Than e'er on the harvest fields was seen;  
He cuts down the earliest ears in spring,  
And sorrowful hearts and voices come  
To swell the shouts of the harvest home.

## Popular Tales.

### THE DISGUISED HEIRESS.

Miss Vernon sat thoughtfully at her window plunged in deep thought. This need be scarcely wondered at, for the question upon which she was pondering affected her nearly.

She was an heiress, having come into possession, at her majority, of fifty thousand dollars. She was prepossessing in her appearance, and this as was natural, as usual, was considerably exaggerated, and brought her suitors in plenty. Among them she made choice of William Winsor, and in a few weeks they were to be married.

William was engaged in the wholesale clothing business, and had the reputation of an active, sharp man of business. He was of good appearance, and so far as could be judged, was a good match for the heiress. Nothing to his prejudice had come to the ears of Miss Vernon until the day before. A poor woman had come to the door in evident poverty, and asked for relief. On being questioned, she said she had been employed in making shirts at twelve cents apiece for wholesale dealers—that after making a dozen and carrying them to the store, she had been roughly told that they were quite spoiled, and that nothing would be paid for her work; but that she might have more, if she would agree to make them better. She added that this was one of the small ways in which the firm made money out of poor women, by pretending that their work was unsatisfactorily done, when no fault could reasonably be found.

The sum, small as it was, of which she had been defrauded, was all important to her, as it represented nearly a week's work.

"Only a dollar and forty-four cents for a week's work?" exclaimed Miss Vernon, in dismay.

"That's all," said the woman.

"How, then, do you live?"

"It can hardly be called living. It's just barely keeping body and soul together," said the woman.

"And who is this extortioner that first offers you starvation wages then defrauds you of them?" asked Miss Vernon very indignantly.

"William Winsor."

"Who?" demanded Miss Vernon, firmly, quickly.

"I can hardly believe this. I know the gentleman."

"It is true, and if you will investigate the matter you will find it so."

"I will investigate the matter. Here are five dollars for your present needs. Come here to-morrow at this time, I may have some work for you to do."

The poor woman departed, invoking blessings on the heiress.

"I will look into this," said Margaret Vernon, resolutely, "and, if it proves true, the engagement between William Winsor and myself shall be broken. I will not give myself to such a man."

"Nancy," said Miss Vernon the next morning to the chambermaid, "have you an old dress and shabby cloak and bonnet you can loan me?"

"I have got some that are so poor that I am not going to wear them again," said Nancy, surprised at such an inquiry.

"Will you loan them to me?"

"Of course, Miss; but what would the likes of you want with such old clothes?"

"A little fun, that is all, said Miss Vernon. "I am going to disguise myself, and see if I can't deceive somebody."

With this explanation Nancy was content and produced the clothes. Miss Vernon put them on, and in addition, borrowed of another of the servants a thick green veil, somewhat the worse for wear, and then set out on her mission. No one, in her disguise, would have recognized the usually elegant and richly dressed heiress, Miss Margaret Vernon.

Miss Vernon slipped out of the basement door and took her way to the large store, on which was inscribed the name of William Winsor, in large gilt letters.

She entered, and after a while a clerk spoke to her in a rough voice,—

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to get some work," she said, in a low voice.

"We can give you some shirts."

"Anything?"

"Can you sew well?"

"I think so."

"At any rate, we will try you."

A half dozen shirts were given to Miss Vernon, and she was informed that if satisfactorily done, she would be paid twelve cents apiece. These she carried home, slipping in at the back door.

About two hours later the poor woman called.

"Here are some shirts for you to make," said Miss Vernon.

"Why they are the same as I have been making," said the woman, in great surprise.

"That is true, and they came from the same place."

"Am I to take them back to the store?"

"No, you will bring them here. I will pay you for the work when done, double the price you have been receiving."

"Thank you, Miss, you are so very kind."

"Sew them as neatly as possible. I wish to see whether they will be rejected as poor work."

"Yes, Miss Vernon, I will take pains with them."

Three days later the poor woman returned with the work completed. Miss Vernon paid her for them, and requested her to call the next day.

"Nancy," said the heiress, after her protégé had departed, "I shall wish to borrow your old clothes again."

"Certainly, Miss," said Nancy, "if it is not ashamed you are to appear in such miserable rags."

"No one will know me, Nancy."

"Shure, Miss, you can take them when ever you like."

"I don't think I shall need them again, Nancy, but thank you all the same."

Not long afterwards, Miss Vernon, in her shabby disguise, entered the establishment of William Winsor, with the bundle of shirts under her arm.

She walked up to the counter and laid them down.

"What have you got there?" demanded a port young clerk.

"Some work, sir," said Miss Vernon, very humbly.

"Well, why don't you open the bundle," said the young man, picking his teeth with his knife.

Miss Vernon did so.

The young man deigned to tumble over the shirts, and sneeringly glanced at them carelessly.

"Shocking! shocking!" he said.

"What's the matter sir?"

"They're wretchedly sewed. That's what's the matter. How do you expect we are going to sell such shirts as these?"

"I am sure I thought they were all well done," said Miss Vernon.

"You thought, did you?" repeated the clerk, mocking her. "We shan't pay you for these shirts. They will have to be sold at a loss."

"But what shall I do?" asked Miss Vernon, in seeming distress.

"That's your business, not mine. We will try you once more, and give you another half a dozen shirts. If they are done better, you will be paid for them."

"These are done well," said Miss Vernon, savagely, snatching the bundle from the counter, "and I will show them to your employer."

To the indignation of the clerk, who was not used to such independence in the poor women who worked for the establishment, Miss Vernon took the shirts to another part of the counter, where she saw William Winsor.

"Mr. Winsor," she said, "your clerk will not pay me for these shirts. He says they are not well done."

Mr. Winsor took one up and pretended to examine it.

"No, it is poorly done. We can't pay you for these, but you may have another bundle, and if they are satisfactory, you will then be paid."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the clerk, triumphantly. "Now, young woman, how much did you make by that operation?"

"More than you think, perhaps," said Miss Vernon, quietly.

"Do you want any work?"

"No, I don't wish any more," she answered coldly.

"Oh! you are on a high horse, are you? Well, you may be glad to get work some day, when you can't get it."

That evening was the one which William Winsor usually spent with his betrothed. When he was introduced, he went forward, as usual, to greet Miss Vernon.

She drew back coldly, and did not offer her hand to grasp his.

"What is the matter, Margaret?" he asked, surprised and startled. "What have I done to entitle me to such a reception?"

"My hand has taken yours for the last time, Mr. Winsor," said Margaret.

"Good Heavens! what is the meaning of all this? Margaret, explain yourself. I cannot understand it."

"I cannot take the hand of one who grows rich by defrauding poor women out of their scanty earnings."

"What says this of me? Some one has been slandering me. Confront me with my accusers. There is some mistake here."

"I will do as you desire. Wait just five minutes."

Miss Vernon left the room and soon re-entered in her disguise.

The young man strode up to the woman angrily.

"Are you the one who has slandered me to Miss Vernon?" he demanded.

"I told her the truth."

The young man reflected. Violent contradiction he saw would not avail him; he would take another course.

"Hark ye, young woman," he said, in a low voice. "There was a mistake. I will make it up to you richly. I will give ten dollars on the spot, and all the work you want at doubly rates, if you will tell Miss Vernon it was all a mistake."

"Too late, Mr. Winsor," said the veiled figure, throwing up her veil, and showing the contemptuous face of Margaret Vernon. Your bribe is offered in vain. Good evening, sir."

Confounded and astonished, William Winsor found his way to the door, and has never ventured to enter the house of the heiress since. He was paid for his meanness in his own coin.

## HOW SMALL EXPENDITURES COUNT.

Five cents each morning. A mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week. Not much, yet it would buy office or sugar for a whole family. \$18.25. And this amount invested in a saving bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent, computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$678.

Enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper; you'd hardly miss it, yet it is fifty cents a day; \$1.05 per week. Enough to buy wife or daughter a dress. \$54.66 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you would have over \$2000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning; hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spoon of thread. Seventy cents per week; it would buy several yards of muslin. \$36.50 in one year. Deposit this amount as before, and you would have \$1340 in twenty years; quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children. \$2.10 a week; enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. \$100.25 a year. With it you could buy a good melodeon on which your wife or daughter could produce sweet music so pleasantly to while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before, would in forty years produce the amount \$12,000.

Boys learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy and influential man, instead of squandering your extra change, invest it in a library or savings bank. If you would be a miserable youth, lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve your wife, be a wretched and detestable being while you live, and finally go down to a dishonored grave, take your extra change and invest it in a drinking saloon.

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."—Tell me not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream" for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real, life is earnest, single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art to man returnest" has been the motto of the rib. Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is long and youth is fleeting, and our hearts the light and gay, still like pleasant dreams are beating wedding marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle—be a heroine—a wife. Trust no future, how'er pleasant, lead the dead past bury its dead! act! act! to the living present! heart within and hope ahead. Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and departing leave behind us such examples as shall "tell." Such examples that another warning time in idle sport, a forlorn unwarrior bride, seeing shall take heart and court. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart of triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.

It is almost universally the case, that where church music is not lead by a choir of competent singers, it will "drag"; and what is more annoying, and spirit-destroying, than to be compelled to listen to the murdering of one of our pretty hymn tunes. The *Cristian Advocate* invites those who have any sort of patience in listening to slow, dragging singing, to sing the following stanza, written by the Rev. Alfred Taylor, to the tune "joyfully."

Dismally, dolefully, downward we drag,  
Making our music most mournfully lag;  
Singing the songs of sorrow so slow;  
Groaning and grunting along as we go;  
Painfully poking o'er pious old poem,  
Weary, the worshippers want to go home;  
Droning so dull they don't know what to do;  
Pleased when the plodding performance is through.

FELON ON THE FINGER.—Many persons are liable to extreme suffering from felon on the finger. These afflictions are not only very painful, but, not infrequently, occasion permanent crippling of the member affected. The following simple concoction is recommended as a sure cure for the distressing ailment: Take common rock salt, as is used for salting down pork and beef, dry it in the oven, then pound it fine and mix it with spirits of turpentine in equal parts. Put it on a rag and wrap it around the thumb and as it gets dry put on some more, and in twenty-four hours we are assured the felon will be dead.

## Select Poetry.

Written by Lady Nairne when in her 70th year.

### WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Would you be young again?  
So would not I:  
One tear to memory given,  
Onward I'll hie,  
Life's dark flood forced o'er,  
All but at rest on shore,  
Say, would ye plunge once more,  
With home so high?

If you might, would you now  
Retrace your way?  
Wander through thorny wilds,  
Pain and astray?  
Night's gloomy watches fled,  
Morning all beaming red,  
Hope's smiles around us shed,  
Heavenward—away!

Where are they gone, of yore  
My best delight?  
Dear and more dear, though now  
Hidden from my sight,  
Where they rejoice to me:  
There is the land for me:  
Fly, then, fly speedily:  
Come, life and light!

## Sketches of Travel.

A Rambles in Westchester County, N. Y.

In the romantic and quiet town of North Salem, which adjoins Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. Ct. several beautiful lakes lie among the steep and wood-clad hills and mountains, where summer visitors flock in great numbers to enjoy the mountain air, fishing, and a delightful sail on these clear and cool waters.

The most noted and popular are the following: Lakes Waccabuc and Pequannock, situated within an hour's ride of each other. The former lake is accessible by the Golden Bridge station on the Harlem Railroad, and the visitor on his arrival there finds a comfortable and moderate priced hotel called the Waccabuc House, kept by R. Mead, an excellent landlord, and an old resident, who owns a large farm adjoining the hotel grounds.

When the hotel is full all new comers are sent to his family mansion within a stone's throw of the former, where for those who enjoy quietness and would discard fashion and gaiety, it is all that one could wish.

The hops, on Saturday evenings, during the season are stylish and fashionable. The ladies' dresses are as a rule elegant and costly, and the opals, sapphires, and diamonds sparkle and flash from the necks of many beautiful ladies who grace the occasion with their presence.

From observation, the ladies' partners as a general thing were composed of exquisites, of nice young men who know all the variations of the eighteen sets of bewildering body-spinning which were put down on the dancing bill of fare, and of the queer thick headed men, young and old, who cannot for the life of them master the mysteries of the quadrille or lancers, but who generally make their way through the ballroom, as through the world, successfully.

Lake Waccabuc, formerly called Long Pond, is connected with two other lakes which lie to the eastward. A row or sail of three miles through them all will not soon be forgotten by the tourist.

Lake Pequannock, about six miles north of the former is easily reached from Croton Fall's depot, where a stage marked "Vail's" will carry you to the new hotel situated on the south side of Peach Pond—the old name known to residents before fashion began to have sway.

This sheet of water is nearly oval, and can be seen throughout its whole length from the noble piazza of the hotel. This rendezvous has not been as well patronized as the Waccabuc, from the fact that it is not as widely known, and the lack



# The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1890.

The Southern States may as well rest quiet and build no hopes of ever being admitted into the Union as long as the Radicals remain in power. Mr. Sumner, who in conjunction with Mr. Boutwell rules the Government, in a speech recently delivered at Worcester, Massachusetts, said he regarded the greater portion of the whites of the South as rebels both in spirit and in acts, and that he would not admit any of the Southern States into the Union until they gave such indubitable evidences of their loyalty as would satisfy himself and party followers.

What would Mr. Sumner have the Southern States do? They have adopted the infamous constitutions concocted and sent to them by the Radicals themselves. They have abolished slavery forever. They have repudiated their war debt. They have fulfilled every requirement of the Radical Congress, and still Mr. Sumner says they are rebels and that he will not admit them into the Union. Nor do we believe they ever will under Radical administration; and if they are to be treated as Georgia has, what signifies admittance? they are better off where they are. Georgia has been formally received as one of the United States. She has elected Representatives to Congress, and they have been denied a seat. She cast her electoral vote for President, and it was strongly contested. She has a Governor, a military strap, who has set himself and subordinates above the civil law, and has no redress.

Har has given an order of the Virginia United States Senate and says they have action is not necessary and therefore the Senate on Tuesday, they Gen. Doctor Sharp the latter being the brother-in-law of President Grant—are candidates for the Senate, and if they are chosen, the influence of the President may be exerted in favor of their reception.

Hon. John Covode, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, has lately proclaimed himself a negro. At a Radical meeting at Germantown, Pa., on the 24th ult. Mr. Covode said:—"It was the first time that he had ever spoken in Germantown, and it was the first place from which his ancestors had emigrated. It was here that the first anti-slavery movement was made. I inherited the principles of the anti-slavery party from my mother. At Walnut street wharf my grandfather was sold as a slave, and it was the captain of the vessel that gave him his name—Covode—which has since been changed to Covode."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is going to France to write up the *Liaisons of Madame Pompadour*, after which she will go over to Spain and "do" Sickles. She is also meditating a new volume on Bluebeard, and will shortly create a fresh sensation by a chapter in the *Atlantic* on Brigham Young. Mrs. Partington says she has it from a near neighbor of Mrs. Stowe, that that excellent lady alleges the crime of incest against the first-born of the human race. Oh! the wickedness of this world! What will it come to? And she had the secret, in strict confidence, from Moses. O Tempora, O Mores.

A CHANCE FOR EDITORS.—Miss Lucy Lee advertises in a Mississippi paper that she "is of good birth and education and is willing to marry an editor, believing herself able to support one." The Maryland editors who are still dragging out their miserable existence in single wretchedness and have no hopes of entering that better state, and who have no desire to foot the bill of the Editorial Association's trip next summer, should note this. Perhaps it would be a good investment for the Observer. His chance for the widow between now and next summer is very slim.

APPOINTMENT.—Governor Saulsbury on Monday evening last, appointed Charles B. Lore, of Wilmington, State's Attorney General in the place of John H. Paynter, resigned. Mr. Lore took the oath of office before Chief Justice Gilpin on Tuesday.

Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier, Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, advertise in this issue, a large assortment of goods in their line, such as blankets, quilts, shawls, and housekeeping linen goods, to which special attention is invited.

The October elections are fast approaching. Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Ohio and Pennsylvania, hold their elections on the second Tuesday, the 12th of this month.

## FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS.

FALLS.—A dispatch from Niagara Falls gives the following particulars of a sad catastrophe there on Friday the 24th ult.

"A party consisting of one gentleman and four ladies, all belonging in Providence, R. I. stopped over here while on their way home from Buffalo, and after viewing the sights on this side crossed over on the Canada side. While the carriage was passing the curve opposite the precipice in front of the Clifton House, the horses became unmanageable, and as it was evident they would go over the bank, the driver and Mr. Tillinghast, the Providence gentleman, jumped out the seat, and escaped with slight injury. The horses and carriage, together with the four ladies went down the bank, however, a distance of some fifty feet. Mrs. Mahala Smith, one of the party, was horribly mangled and instantly killed, and Miss Mary Ann Ballou was so dangerously injured that she cannot possibly recover. Mrs. Tillinghast and a Mrs. Fisher were badly bruised, but their wounds are not dangerous. The sad event has cast a gloom of sorrow over all the tourists at the falls. There are rumors about the carelessness of the driver, and there is, of course, corresponding indignation."

The accident happened while an inquest was being held on the body of the German who committed suicide near the same place a day or two previous.

CHINESE LABOR.—We find the following letter in the *Delaware Gazette*, and as it will be of interest to any who contemplate employing Chinese labor, we publish it:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 13th, 1890.

J. M. BARR, Esq., Wilmington, Del.

Dear Sir: It is our intention to furnish Chinese labor wherever there is a demand for it, provided no objection is offered by law.

We propose to import laborers direct from China to work under five year contracts, for \$8 to \$12 per month and found. The expense of bringing them over to this country, taxes, advances, commission will aggregate about \$200 per head and is to be paid by persons ordering them, if the laborer faithfully fulfills his contract to its close, but if after one or two years labor he should desire to throw up his engagement, the sum of \$100 is to be deducted from his wages earned, as a penalty for such act. Security for prompt payment of expenses to be deposited with our bankers' agents, Messrs. Lees & Waler, New York.

Yours, respectfully,

P. P. KOOPMANSCHAP

Correspondence of the Middletown Transcript.

THOMAS' LANDING, Sept. 24th, 1890.

Mr. Editor, Dear Sir:—The close of this day finds the last basket of peaches carefully stowed upon the "barge," for Philadelphia market. The season has been a long one; but as long as it has been and the crowding of the road leading to the landing, there has been no accident occurred. Yet the mutilated condition of the main thoroughfare leading to the landing, and the jaded and worn appearance of the mules, that were used for conveying peaches thither, indicate the great amount of labor in preparing the fruit for market.

But we bid adieu to the toils and labors, which the sight of those huge sheds suggest, as well as the two familiar scenes, of the past eight weeks, never perhaps again to witness their renewal in such vast proportions. We speak so doubtfully merely upon the opinion or probability that this country will not be blessed again with such an overwhelming crop of fruit.

We spoke in our former letter of the yield of peaches to a tree, but we will state an instance of a greater yield, if you will allow us, and the gentleman, who owns the trees, to which we refer, will pardon us for again using his name publicly in this connection.

From two hundred trees of the variety of White Fawn, J. W. Vandergrift, picked and shipped sixteen (1605) hundred and five baskets of peaches, a yield of more than eight baskets per tree, and from his orchard numbering 7750 trees, he shipped 33,200 baskets of peaches.

The scope of country, from which the peaches were picked, that were shipped from Thomas' Landing, is bounded by the Appoquinimink creek on the east, north and west as far as Fieldsborough, from that point, taking a direction diagonally across to Hangman's creek, and from thence to the Bay, with the exception of E. C. Fenimore's farm. The number of trees bearing, on this block of land, their ages varying from 3 to 19 years, is 81,600; and the number of baskets they have yielded (those shipped) amounts to 279,293. Respectfully, &c.

LUCIUS.

A DESPERATE DEED BY A HUNGARIAN BRIGAND.—Paraga, a small town in Hungary, was lately the scene of a desperate tragedy. A famous bandit by the name of Macsvansky had come to the town to see his sweetheart. He was recognized and informed upon. The house in which he was found was surrounded and he was summoned to surrender. He took refuge in a butcher shop in the basement and through a hole in the window fired upon the soldiers in front. For four hours the fight continued, during which he constantly broke out into fits of force laughter. He was finally shot dead by the Commissary of Police. When he had no more words, he loaded with hundred florin notes, and the peasants gathered up whatever of the fragments were to be found. At last the house was fired. Upon this the brigand burned up a package of bank notes, opened the window and leaped out, revolver in hand. The crowd scattered in all directions; but before Macsvansky had gotten twenty paces off he was killed by a discharge of musketry from the troops.

Ambrose Hodges, of Pine Bluff, Ark., has realized \$1,200 from the proceeds of six acres of broom corn this season.

Assistant Secretary Richardson of the Treasury sent his resignation to Secretary Boutwell Thursday.

## LOCAL AFFAIRS.

BANQUET TO AGRICULTURISTS AND PEACH GROWERS.—On Wednesday evening, the 22d ultimo a banquet was given at the Arch Street House to the agriculturists and peach-growers of Delaware and Maryland, at which there were a number of commission merchants of this city, New York and Boston, engaged in the peach trade. Among the invited guests were Hon. B. T. Biggs and Colonel Clayton of Delaware, both of whom were present. Joseph Biggs, Esq. of New Castle, Del. presided, assisted by Frank Reynolds Esq. The toast, "The Producers of Maryland and Delaware," was responded to by the Hon. Benjamin T. Biggs. This gentleman, in the course of his remarks, made public some very valuable information. He said:

Within the memory of those present, Philadelphia markets were supplied with a daily supply of 10,000 baskets of peaches. Now, 70,000 baskets per diem is not equal to the demand, and to indicate the vast proportion the production of this delicious luxury has assumed, he gave the statistics of the "Diamond State" alone. Five trains daily, with twenty to thirty cars each train, is not equal to the exigencies of the business. Every little tributary of the Delaware and Chesapeake bay furnishes its quota to the grand stream of commerce. He stated that a careful estimate of the aggregate value of the crop this year would be one million dollars from the Pennsylvania alone in forty days, and that the fruit has not yet yielded a remunerative price, yet one gentleman of many near Odessa, Delaware, has realized from the sales of peaches from his orchards the handsome sum of \$9,395 for the week's shipment, beginning the 6th and ending the 11th of September. Mr. Biggs closed by paying a compliment to Mr. Locke, proprietor of the house, for the excellent set out, also, to McClurg's Liberty Corral for the many favors to the occasion. The festivities of the evening were kept up until a late hour.—*Phila. Age.*

THE HORSE COMPANY.—The Company met at Walker's Hotel, on Saturday night last, pursuant to adjournment. John Cochran was called to the chair, and Jacob P. Shallerer appointed Secretary. The proceedings of the previous meeting were read. The Chair stated the business of the present meeting to be the election of officers, to serve until January next. The following officers were elected: President, John Cochran; Vice President, Nathaniel Williams; Secretary, John Cochran; Treasurer, Robert A. Cochran, Jr.; Secretary, Charles Derickson. The following officers were elected: John Cochran, Henry Jones, L. G. Menor, James H. Hoffecker. The Company then adjourned to meet again at Walker's Hotel, on Saturday night 20th October, when a full attendance of the members is requested to perfect the organization.

JOHN COCHRAN, Chairman, JAMES F. SHALLERER, Sec.

EAT DEVOT CATTLE.—The *Phila. Age* of Saturday last, says:—"There passed through our streets, yesterday, the largest and closest packed flock of oxen that, perhaps, were ever seen here. Of pure Devon stock, and perfectly matched in their fair proportions, as well as in their horns, these noble creatures, as they strode along, attracted every eye. They were raised by Mr. J. M. Merdell, on their farm, near Trenton, N. J., and having just been sold to Mr. Logan, they passed through this city on their way to his farm, near Dover, in Delaware. They brought the very large sum of \$420, a great price for working cattle, but these surpassed all others in beauty and size, their weight together being 4,900 pounds, and at every fair at which they have been exhibited they have taken a premium."

For a long time we have noticed a gradual increase in the number of good-looking men in our neighborhood, especially among our subscribers. The change has been so marked as to be subject for general conversation. People ask "Why is this?" We find the general answer to be, that almost all our fellow-citizens are wearing the celebrated "Rockhill & Wilson" clothes. It is well known that the people who wear the clothes of this make command the esteem of their fellow-citizens. All our readers know that Rockhill & Wilson's is the mammoth Brown Stone Clothing Hall, 603 and 605 Chestnut st. *Phila.*

We learn from the agent of the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Co. of New York, A. G. Cox, that the company during the year 1888 issued nearly 100,000 policies. This policy business has reduced their dividend period from 3 to 1 year, thus giving the insured a dividend every year. The dividends of this company for last year have been large—for instance, a policyholder had been running 10 years they declared a dividend of cash of 83 per cent. The agent also informs us that he has received a letter from the company informing him that the insurance of John F. Hakkil, deceased, for \$5000, will be paid on the 22d inst.

ANGER.—John S. Harrington, at whose house near Hockley, Md., a number of horses and carriages, stolen during the last summer, were discovered, was arrested on Thursday last as Jos. Richardson's, near Hillsborough, Caroline county, Va. Constable Strickland of Hillsborough, and taken to Chestertown and lodged in jail. As the Constable approached Richardson's house, he saw a man pass out the back door; he immediately started in pursuit and in a few minutes found Harrington concealed in high grass in a field.

It is a pleasure to tell the same story over and over again, if it is a good story. Our story now is, of the satisfaction we enjoy in wearing the clothes which they make at the great Brown Hall, Philadelphia. The fact is, that no other clothes, made elsewhere, that look half as well, or wear half as long as the Rockhill & Wilson clothes. The immense and varied assortment of goods which for Fall which Rockhill & Wilson now display is worthy the attention of all who go to the city. See their advertisement in another column.

DECEASED.—Rev. John Coleman, some years ago rector of St. Ann's Church, near this town, died recently at St. Louis, Mo. He was a distinguished divine in the Episcopal Church, and his demise is widely regretted. He leaves two sons—Rev. J. Leighton Coleman, rector of the P. E. Church at Marsh Creek; the other John Coleman, Jr., is now a student at the General Theological Seminary at New York; two daughters, one of whom, married, lives at St. Louis, with whom Mrs. Coleman is making her residence.

HEAVY SHOWERS.—The clouds which portended rain for a week previous, poured out their aqueous contents, on Sunday last, without stint. The earth was saturated sufficiently to moisten the hardest surface, and the plow has turned the sword with ease during the past week. The Equinox did not pass without its usual watery accompaniment. The weather since the storm on Sunday has been quite cool. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday mornings there was considerable frost.

Rockhill & Wilson's advertisement, in another column of this issue, speaks for itself. The clothes on the backs of our best citizens also speak volumes in praise of Rockhill & Wilson's habits. Both for men and the sons of men, Rockhill & Wilson seem to have everything the heart can desire, or the fancy can long after. Most of the happy homes in this vicinity are made happier by the fact that the men and boys of the household get their clothes at the great Brown Hall. Read, and see for yourselves, gentlemen.

POST OFFICE CHANGES.—In this State at Willow Grove, Kent county, J. Colby Smith (appointed Postmaster, vice Henry R. Draper, resigned), has been appointed Postmaster, vice J. Colby Smith, resigned; papers should not be sent to Laurel, Md. at Drawbridge, Sussex county, Elijah Register is appointed Postmaster, vice D. R. Burton, succeeded by change of office. In Talbot county, Md. R. T. Mulliken is appointed Postmaster at Trappe, vice John F. Kemp, removed.

THE LAST CAR OF PEACHES.—The peach trade is now over, the last car load being sent off on Saturday last. It contained 527 baskets and was decorated with peach tapers, empty peach baskets, and placed with it with the "Mid-dle-town Emporium of the Peach Trade." "275,000 Baskets." "Who can beat it?" "Middle-town the first to go in, the last to give up."—*Phila. Age.*

The Good Templars of Smyrna propose giving a public entertainment Tuesday night week, consisting of readings, &c.

The Delaware Railroad Company are building a depot at Massy's Cross Roads, about a large granary for storing grain.

On Saturday afternoon last, whilst Mrs. Williams Beaton, in company with her daughter, was riding along near Summit Bridge, she was overtaken by two negroes in a wagon, one of whom, Wesley Lloyd, pretended that she had his pocket-book. They several times tried to run into her carriage, swearing viciously at her and calling her to stop. Her screams attracted several gentlemen to her rescue, but being unarmed they were unable to drive the negro away. Mrs. Beaton was taken back to Mr. Elison's and the girl who was the negro's daughter, was sent to Glasgow, and procured a writ and had the negro arrested. He was taken before Justice Black, of Glasgow, on Sunday, and held to bail for appearance at court. Mr. Sewell C. Biggs went his bail and the negro was released.

The following is a statement of the number of cars, and baskets of peaches shipped over the Townsend Branch Rail Road, and from Townsend Del. From Townsend, 154 cars containing 81,312 baskets; from Millington, 178 cars containing 93,984 baskets; from Massy's, 93 cars containing 49,104 baskets; from Morris, 25 cars containing 13,200 baskets; from Vandyske, 29 cars containing 15,312 baskets; making a total of 479 cars containing 232,912 baskets.

On Thursday of last week the directors of the New Berchester and Delaware Railroad, with a large company of invited guests, made a trip of inspection over the road. It is now completed to within two miles of Cambridge and the rails are being laid at the rate of a quarter of a mile a day. The regular passenger trains will commence running in about ten days or two weeks.

Another meeting will be held at Elkton, on Tuesday, the 5th of October, in furtherance of the proposed Rail Road from Elkton to Massy's. All persons favorable to the road are invited. The meeting will be held at the Elkton Hotel, and the hands of gentlemen along the line of the road, who will receive subscriptions to the stock and grants of the right of way.

TABLEAU.—Pursuant to a call of the Board of Directors of the Hall Company, a tableau meeting was held on Tuesday evening last, and arrangements made to hold the exhibition on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the 13th and 14th inst. The proceeds will be applied to liquidate the debt and the pains will be spared in getting up the exhibition.

DELAWARE CITY RAILROAD.—It is reported that arrangements are being made for the commencement of the construction of this railroad at an early day. Money has been secured, materials purchased, and the citizens anticipate a great relief. Great credit is due to the Delaware City Railroad, to F. Dunlap for his exertions in this matter.

The Lewes Presbytery met in Georgetown, Del. on Friday of last week, and adjourned on Sunday. The meeting was harmonious and pleasant. The Presbytery of the Delaware River and Bay, on the basis of the standards pure and simple.

Mr. William Potter, indicted for shooting a negro, in June last, was tried and cleared, at Elkton, on Tuesday and Wednesday last. The jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict that the negro killed himself by striking the pistol, causing it to discharge its contents into his head.

Since the withdrawal of the peach train, Millington has been without railroad communication. We understand that the regular passenger train, which is now running, will be put on the road again.

The Contractors for the Queen Anne's and Kent Rail Road are now forwarding 300 tons more of iron, which, when laid, will reach Suddersville, a distance of nine miles from Massy's Cross Roads.

PATENT ISSUED.—Among the United States Patents issued for the week ending September 28th, and bearing that date, was one to C. C. Foster, of Odessa, Del. for fertilizer attachment.

Don't forget Walker's sale of Building Lots, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S PROPERTY.

A Correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, in an eight-column letter from Salt Lake City, gives the following schedule of Brigham Young's assets:

"Much has been written of his sincerity in his religious professions, some writers hooting the idea as the height of absurdity, others again claiming that his faith in Mormonism is perfect. Without advancing an opinion on the subject of his religious belief, I desire simply to call the attention of those who are in an investigating mood to consider his financial condition as embodied in his own personal estate. In the event of his demise, or translation, his inventoried list of goods and chattels and estate real and personal mixed will probably read as follows:

1st. City Creek Canon, a grant by the Legislative Assembly of Utah, a heavily wooded district, from which the Saints obtain their wood exclusively, every third load going to Brigham's pile; a fine water power, running four miles; income from this source \$2,000 per annum.

2d. The water right to mill Creek.

3d. A grant of Cache Valley, fifty miles long and fifteen miles in width, and the richest and most productive valley in the territory.

4th. A grant of Rush Valley, also a large tract of fertile country.

5th. A grant of Lone Valley, for ranch and herd ground, an extensive tract.

6th. The coal beds in Coal Canon, San Pets County, Utah.

7th. Real estate in Salt Lake City: Brigham's block \$500,000; theatre building \$75,000; distillery, with the whole Mormon trade, \$200,000; various stores and private residences, \$200,000.

8th. Four-fifths of Provo City.

9th. Sugar plantations in the Sandwich Islands.

10th. Cotton farms, woolen mills, and flaring mills.

11th. Concoctory for the manufacture of silk, with thirty acres of mulberry trees.

12th. Twelve thousand acres of land in Cash County, for stock-raising purposes.

13th. Claim against the Union Pacific Railroad for grading done, in all \$1,800,000, of which Brigham will receive \$850,000.

14th. Twenty-five wives in the flesh. The number in "spiritual wives" legion. Many female Saints are anxious to be sealed to Brigham, in order to be carried across by him, and thus have their salvation insured. Brigham kindly seals them to his predecessor, Joseph Smith, for eternity, and to himself for time, and then appoints the bishop of the ward atorney in fact, by virtue of which the said bishop has the exclusive right to support her.

15th. Forty-five children.

16th. Cash on hand. As Brigham is trustee in trust for the Church, and not accountable to any one for the funds obtained in that capacity, the amount is expected to be very large.

17th. The property of the subjects sent upon foreign missions, always appropriated by the Lion of the Lord."

The rains of last Saturday night and Sunday seem to have extended throughout the South, and were most gladly welcomed.

## THE NEW YORK GOLD CONSPIRACY.

A few weeks ago two rival factions of New York speculators contending for the possession of a railroad involved the courts and judges of that State in a disgraceful conflict of authority which is not yet settled, and marshalled their own adherents and employees for a conflict of arms, which was only prevented from having a bloody termination by the intervention of Governor Hoffman and a regiment of State troops. The spectacle was a disgrace to the whole country, but the material loss and damage were confined chiefly to the unfortunate road which was the bone of contention, and which has its business interrupted, its track partially torn up, and its locomotives used as battering-rams by the contending parties in a fight for the possession of a tunnel. Last week a combination of New York gold operators, said to include some of the very parties who got up the above-mentioned "Albany and Susquehanna railroad war," determined, by way of mingled profit and diversion, to force a rise in the price of gold, by effecting what is technically known as a "corner" in the supply, thus compelling everybody who needed gold, either to meet "short" contracts or to pay duties, to turn from them on their own terms. This they succeeded in doing to the extent, during Thursday and Friday, of forcing a rise in gold from 132 to 162, thereby occasioning violent fluctuations in the currency, disturbing the course of foreign exchange, subjecting importers and others who needed gold in their business to heavy loss, impairing the credit and diminishing the revenues of the government, and creating a widespread feeling of anxiety and dismay throughout commercial circles. These effects, felt immediately in New York, extended more or less throughout the country. Had the same condition of affairs lasted a few days longer they would have been felt directly and painfully by every class of society. Not only might commercial failures have followed, but every workman would have realized by next Saturday night that his week's wages were worth to him so much less bread and meat, in consequence of these wild doings in the New York gold room. That matters did not reach this extremity was only because the bubble broke on Friday. The defeat of the conspirators is supposed to have been brought about in part by the interposition of the Secretary of the Treasury—a measure sufficiently undesirable in itself, and suggestive of the possibility of a frightful abuse of power and of a most dependent condition of trade. The announcement of the Secretary's purpose to unlock the government vaults and sell \$4,000,000 of gold to relieve the distress of the business community was magnified by the hopes and fears of the gold gamblers into an order to sell \$15,000,000, and if need be, as much more. A panic seized upon the hit-to-victorious "bulls," and gold fell as rapidly as it rose. On Saturday, by common consent, there was a suspension of business, if such the doings of the gamblers can be called, (and which still continues,) to enable the parties engaged in the mad strife of the "thru" preceding days to ascertain where they stood, and for who was ruined and who was not. For the moment the business world breathes more freely, but the precarious footing upon which the whole credit and business of the country rest has been brought forcibly home to the attention of every thoughtful man. Naturally, the first question that arises to everybody's lips is, what is it that gives so much power to a few men, and puts the whole trade, particularly the foreign trade of the country, the credit of the government and the price of the poor man's daily supplies at the mercy of a few reckless speculators?

First, and primarily, it is the effect of having two systems of currency of unequal value—gold and paper. For ordinary purposes of business paper is used. For certain other purposes, paying duties to the government on foreign imports among the number, gold is required. Hence gold, which should be itself the standard of all values, acquires a value of its own which is estimated in paper. It becomes a commodity, like pork and grain; is bought and sold, and becomes the subject of speculation. For this the only complete remedy is of course a return to specie payments, which we hold should be the first and paramount aim and duty of the government as well as the people, the latter holding the former to the exercise of the strictest economy in the sphere of its constitutional duties.

But, secondly, the supply of gold may vary according to the productiveness of the mines, the state of exchange and the balance of trade with foreign countries; not so with the other or paper medium. Instead of being an elastic currency, based upon the real capital of the country, expanding or contracting according to its resources and its wants, it is a fixed quantity, regulated by law, based upon credit in the form of government bonds. A system of national banks, introduced during the war to meet its supposed or real necessities, and in favor of which the circulation of the State banks (which served so well local needs) was taxed out of existence, with a view of compelling the investment of the wealth of the country in government bonds, has been perpetuated in time of peace and when no equal plea of necessity exists, and with what result?

That the whole business of banking has become a monopoly in the hands of the bondholders, and finds its advantage therefrom in delaying and preventing any return to specie payments. Hence the necessity, as a first step, if the national bank system is to be continued, of very considerable modifications in it, providing for redemption, some element of specie as a basis, &c. or the removal of the restrictions which now cripple and hamper the State banks. We have sympathy whatever, as is well known, with those who would invoke Congressional authorization of further additions to our paper currency as a remedy for apprehended financial troubles; but it seems certain that, as we must have a paper currency, it should not be altogether of a character controllable at one point, and liable to such concentration as we now see, and have State power and influence—local government, in fact—should be more respected, and felt in a matter so important as our financial system. A curtailment of national bank currency could be effected by granting a less per centage of issues upon a given amount of securities, and thus gradually make room for the proper operation again of the State banks, whose circulation would be based upon the real capital of their respective vicinities.—*Balt. Sun of Thursday.*

## POLITICAL ITEMS.

The Springfield Republican comments as follows upon the proceedings of the Massachusetts Republican State Convention:—"The resolutions must at least be satisfactory to the temperance men. Certainly they are so weak as never to suggest anything stronger than water, and to liken them to milk and water, a still milder beverage, would not be far out of the way. Both the State alliance and the 'S. O. L.' were so whist and backward about making any demands of the convention that it was very evident the one party was afraid and the other 'dar'ent,' and as far as sliding over the liquor question was concerned the result is satisfactory enough. But the utterance of the convention on other points of grave public and political concern was mild and ambiguous to a degree painful to contemplate. It will be impossible to go into the campaign with any enthusiasm, with such a platform as that put forth at Worcester; and though the ticket nominated is sure to be elected this year, if the Republican party does not lose the State after a few more dodging conventions like this one, it will at last deserve to.

The Cincinnati Enquirer continues to give encouraging reports of the campaign in Ohio. It says:—"The Democratic column is now being pressed vigorously forward. Meetings are being called in nearly all the counties, and will be addressed by that host of distinguished speakers of which the Democracy of Ohio are so proud. Thurman, McCook, Morgan, Van Trump, Le Blond, and McConnell are actively in the field, and from now until election will be unremittingly in the harness. Advances continue good from all parts of the State. The centre will show tremendous Democratic majorities; so will Southern Ohio. The backbone counties will also give us splendid votes. There will be a giving-in of the Radical strength in the river counties, and throughout Eastern Ohio there will be the same report. From the Western Reserve there are good tidings, and we confidently expect a handsome diminution in the majorities that are always given against us in that section. Well-informed parties no longer doubt the success of Mr. Pendleton and the Democratic Legislature.

On Monday, October 4, the Tennessee Legislature convened, and early in the succeeding week will elect a United States Senator. At this early day the following events can be predicted with reasonable certainty of their fulfillment: Andrew Johnson will be elected Senator; the Fifteenth Amendment will not be ratified; a Constitutional Convention will be called at an early day, which body will effect the enfranchisement of every disfranchised person in the State; in any event the bonds of the State will not be repudiated, although earnest advocates for such a measure will not be wanting; the partisan legislation of the last few years will be generally repealed. These are the main questions to come before the Legislature and Convention growing out of it. The fight for the Senatorship will be fierce, but the result can be told in advance. The new Legislature will contain another set of men that has never been found in the Tennessee General Assembly.

The *Press and Times*, the Radical organs of the city, will suspend in a day or two, leaving not a single daily Radical paper in the state, as Brownlow's *Whig* has become quite conservative.

The New York State election, occurs on the 2d of November for a Secretary of State, Legislature, &c. In 1897 the republicans polled 325,000 votes for Secretary of State against 373,929 democratic. In the Governor's vote of 1868, Hoffman had 17,046 majority over Griswold. Fenton was elected by 13,789 majority over Hoffman. Lincoln had 6,749 majority in 1864 and 50,136 in 1860. Seymour had 10,000 majority in 1868. There are the immediate records with which the parties join issue again.

An alarming report comes from Montana. It is to the effect that Impacher Ashley, the Territorial Governor, has "dropped" over to the Democracy. He made a speech at Bozeman City a few days ago, and astonished the audience by declaring that he was in favor of making Montana a "white man's government." Probably this apostasy is due to the fact that Ashley went to Montana to get himself into the United States Senate, and Montana has just gone Democratic by 2,000 majority.

Among the prominent personages who are expected to be present at the St. Louis Capital-Removing Convention are Senators Yates, Trumbull, Pomeroy, Thurman, Thayer, and McDonald; Governors Harvey, Butler, Merrill, Clayton, McClurg, Stephenson, Senter, Haight, Palmer, Warmouth; ex-President Johnson, Daniel W. Voorhees, John A. Logan, John A. McClernand, Robert E. Ingersoll, Joseph Medill, Bailey Peyton, and John Forsyth, of Alabama.

Local politics are very much mixed in Cincinnati. The Democratic Reform ticket is half made up of Republicans, while the Republicans are dissatisfied with two of their own candidates, and seek to have them withdrawn. The *Volksblatt*, the German Republican organ, has bolted, and supports the Democratic ticket, while the *Commoner*, a Democratic organ, is disposed to bolt and run a straight Democratic ticket.

Two vacancies in the United States Senate will be filled temporarily by gubernatorial appointments—that of Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, and that of the late Mr. Fessenden of Maine.

Now the carpet-bag gentry demand to be represented in the Cabinet. They name Governor Scott, of South Carolina, or Governor Wells, of Virginia, for the War department.

MESSAGES BY SOUND.—Yesterday Dr. L. A. Everetts, of New Orleans successfully demonstrated his new theory of telegraphy, transmitting messages by sound instead of electricity. The experiment took place at the Fulton ferry, Brooklyn, and a message was accurately transmitted from one end of the wire to the other, a distance of over 600 feet.—*N. Y. Herald Sept. 27.*

## ITEMS OF NEWS.

The Massachusetts State Labor Reform Convention met at Worcester Tuesday, to form a new political party in the interests of the working man. Resolutions were adopted declaring against any distinction on account of color, nationality, or pursuit; that labor associations should receive the same chartered privileges as associated capital; that eight hours should constitute a day's labor; that Government bonds should be taxed, and the revenue laws changed so as to bear less upon the producing classes; opposing the claim that the National debt is payable in coin. A State ticket was nominated, headed by E. M. Chamberlain, of Boston, for Governor, and Jas. Chittaway, of Springfield, for Lieutenant Governor.

The dispatch from General Sickles which was read in the Cabinet meeting of Friday last stated that Spain requests the United States not to press the negotiations to an ultimatum at present. General Sickles was verbally informed that the government of the Regent is willing to concede the independence of Cuba upon terms which will be satisfactory both to Cuba and the United States, but that to do this at present would be inconsistent with Spanish honor. Spain does not decline the mediation of the United States, or reject the propositions of our government, but still holds them, presenting meanwhile the foregoing request, and will probably hold them till a settlement of the question is reached.

The walls of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, have risen to above fifty feet in height, and the beautiful portals in the front, transepts and rear are now finished. When finished this will be the most handsome church on the continent, and will accommodate 19,000 persons. The building will be 330 feet from buttresses, and 301 inside the walls. The breadth at the transept is to be 172 feet, and the height from the floor to the crown of the ceiling 110 feet.

A circular has been issued by the Comptroller of the Currency to all the National banks asking information in regard to their business, which may be used by the Comptroller in his annual report to Congress to prove "that the oft-repeated charges brought against the National banks are without foundation in fact," and for the purpose of vindicating the National banking system generally.

On Saturday last a sperm whale was driven by the surf and grounded on the beach near the mouth of the Kennebec river, in Maine, where, after some difficulty, he was captured by a party of fishermen. The captors are now engaged in cutting up the animal, and it







Select Poetry.  
A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.  
The sun sinks down a round red disc:  
And seen against it, tapering thin  
(Relieved of the care of risk)  
The fishing-smack comes riding in.  
Slow sinks the orb beyond the bay,  
Or, so, at least, it seems to sink—  
A thirsty charger, shall I say?  
Slow stooping in the sea to drink.  
And beating shoreward, sea-grey gulls  
Come sailing up the Sound in flocks,  
Then clean their wings, and seek their holes,  
Alone amid the rifted rocks.  
The soft winds play round poop and prow,  
Too weak to climb the rocky cliff.  
Within whose deepening shadow now  
Lie bulky large and tiny skiff.  
And over all the scene anon  
A denser darkness draws around;  
The village lights show one by one,  
And night comes hushing every sound.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.  
Correspondence of the Middletown Transcript.

TAPPANNOCK, Va. Sept. 1869.  
Dear Transcript:—I write you from this place, the county seat of Essex county, situated upon the noble Rappahannock river. It is about the size of Odessa, though covering rather more space than that town. There are some fine mansions still left standing in the town, though many of the better class of houses were battered down or burnt by the gunboats during the late unhappy civil war. Their blackened and battered chimneys are still standing, melancholy memorials of the unnatural strife between the sections, North and South. The inhabitants seem cheerful and happy, and have addressed themselves to their several avocations, since the war, with a laudable determination to repair their ruined fortunes. And they are meeting with a success truly encouraging. Politics appear to be ignored; you can scarcely get one of the inhabitants to exchange a word with you on the subject. They will talk of the crops, of the price and improvement of land, of all other subjects; but you can hardly get a word out of them on public affairs. Perhaps it arises from their distrust of strangers, towards whom they practice more reserve than towards each other. It may also arise from the fact that they are still under military government, and within the stranglehold of the notorious Gen. Canby, who doubtless has his spies and informers abroad, with open, itching ears.  
Since I have been here upon the sacred soil of the Old Dominion, I have had the opportunity of seeing Sambo as a part of the "State." I have seen him in office, "clothed with a little brief authority," and I tell you that no turkey-cock in a Delaware barn-yard can out swell him. He seems to "feel his oats." The Sheriff of the county, a negro named George E. Stephens, is one of Gen. Canby's appointees. A mulatto sealawg named A. D. Johnson, is his deputy. A negro Justice of the Peace, named William Breadford, with several white Justices, were holding Court, the negro the chief Justice. The sight looked very odd, to your correspondent, but the white associates seemed not to mind the presence of their sable brother. Indeed, the white men seemed to pay very little regard to the blacks, whether in or out of office, and have but little to say to or do with them. Each went their separate ways, without much regard to the other. A riotous incident which occurred in Tappannock, a few days since, may serve to show the workings of the new regime, and the importance of Sambo in Gen. Canby's kingdom: An old Englishman, who was a constable, approached a man on horseback, who was swearing about something at a pretty round rate, and taking hold of the horse's bridle, commanded the man to stop swearing, whereupon the rider dismounted and knocked the English constable down. The latter jumped up, rushed in to the negro magistrate, got a writ and took the offender against the "peace, dignity and honor" of the old commonwealth, before the same magistrate, who fined him \$1.00 and 50 cents out. Shades of Marshall and Story! What is jurisprudence coming to in this "Land we Love?"  
So few persons can take the iron-clad oath, that it is hard to fill the offices, except with negroes, sealawgs or carpet-baggers. One gentleman, a native of Delaware, residing here, fills no less than four distinct offices, being a Justice of the Peace, Levy Court Commissioner, Recorder, and Solicitor in Chancery! He holds all these offices, but does not fill them or perform their duties, several lawyers discharging their duties, while he holds the commissions. These are some of the beauties of good government, in Virginia, which might have been quietly in her place in the Union, fulfilling her duties as a State, since the surrender of Gen. Lee, at Appomattox, but for the happy thought of "reconstruction," conceived by Lincoln, adopted by Johnson, and changed and modified by Congress to keep alive confusion and dissension, make flat places for political favorites, and keep open the sores of the war to gratify the malignity of radicalism.  
Good river farms can be bought along the banks of the Rappahannock, for \$20 per acre; interior upland farms can be bought for \$5 per acre. Of course, the latter are not much improved, but as susceptible of improvement as any other land. Emigration will not set in very strongly, while society is vexed here with the curse of an unsettled government. But I must close, having made my letter much longer than I intended.  
Yours Truly, APPQUINIMINK.

To make paper stick to whitewashed walls—make a sizing of common glue and water, of the consistency of linseed oil, and apply with whitewash or other brush to the walls, taking care to go over every part, and especially top and bottom. Apply the paper in the ordinary way as soon as you please, and if the paste is properly made it will remain firm for years.  
"Rhubarbchampane" is the agony at Edinburgh.

Delaware Rail Road Lnie  
Summer Arrangement.  
ON and after MONDAY, July 12th, 1868, Passenger Trains will run as follows, until further notice:  
ALL TRAINS SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

NORTH.	
Leave Crisfield,	7 00 A. M.
" Marion,	7 40
" Kingston,	8 05
" Westover,	8 30
" Prin. Anne,	8 55
" Eden,	9 40
" Forktown,	10 00
" Salisbury,	10 30
" Delmar,	10 45
" Laurel,	11 05
" Seaford,	11 30
" Bridgeville,	12 00
" Greentown,	12 15 P. M.
" Farmington,	12 35
" Harrington,	7 00 A. M.
" Felton,	7 15
" Plymouth,	7 20
" Canterbury,	7 25
" Wil. Grove,	7 25
" Camden,	7 35
" Dover,	7 50
" Hooton,	8 05
" Breaford,	8 10
" Smyrna,	8 05
" Clayton,	8 20
" Sussex R'd,	8 25
" Blackbird,	8 35
" Townsend,	8 40
" Middleto'n,	9 00
" Middletown,	9 10
" St. Georges,	9 25
" Bear,	9 35
" New Castle,	9 55
" Philadelphia,	10 15 A. M.
" Baltimore,	1 15 P. M.

Arrive Philadelphia, 5 40 P. M.  
Baltimore, 1 15 P. M.

SOUTH.	
Leave Philadelphia,	8 30 A. M.
" Baltimore,	7 25
" Wil. M.,	10 10
" New Castle,	10 30
" Bear,	10 50
" St. Georges,	11 00
" Mt Pleasant,	11 15
" Middletown,	11 35
" Townsend,	11 45
" Blackbird,	11 50
" Sussex R'd,	12 00
" Clayton,	12 05 P. M.
" Seaford,	12 15
" Farmington,	12 30
" Harrington,	12 40
" Felton,	12 50
" Plymouth,	1 10
" Canterbury,	1 15
" Wil. Grove,	1 20
" Camden,	1 25
" Dover,	1 30
" Hooton,	1 35
" Breaford,	1 40
" Smyrna,	1 45
" Clayton,	1 50
" Sussex R'd,	1 55
" Blackbird,	2 00
" Townsend,	2 05
" Middleto'n,	2 15
" Middletown,	2 25
" St. Georges,	2 35
" Bear,	2 45
" New Castle,	2 55
" Philadelphia,	3 10
" Baltimore,	3 45
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" New Castle,	4 30
" Bear,	4 40
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